



LATTER DAY SAINTS



# SOUTHERN STAR

"BUT THOUGH WE, OR AN ANGEL FROM HEAVEN, PREACH ANY OTHER GOSPEL UNTO YOU THAN THAT WHICH WE HAVE PREACHED UNTO YOU, LET HIM BE ACCURSED." GAL. 1:8, 9.

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## POVERTY AND WEALTH.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The stork flew over a town one day,  
And back of each wing an infant lay.  
One to a rich man's home he brought  
And one he left at a laborer's cot.  
The rich man said, "My son shall be  
A lordly ruler o'er land and sea."  
The laborer sighed, "'Tis the good God's  
will  
That I have another month to fill."  
The rich man's son grew strong and fair,  
And prond with the pride of a millionaire.  
His motto in life was, "Live while you may,  
And he crowded years in a single day.  
He bought position and name and place,  
And he bought him a wife with a handsome  
face.  
He journeyed over the whole wide world,  
But discontent in his heart layed curled  
Like a serpent hidden in leaves and moss,  
And life seemed hollow and gold was dross.  
He scoffed at woman and doubted God,  
And died like a beast and went back to the  
sod.  
The son of the laborer tilled the soil,  
And thanked God daily for health and toll.  
He wedded for love in his youthful prime,  
And two lives corded in time and time.  
His wants were simple and simple his creed,  
To trust God fully; it served his need.  
And lighted his labor, and helped him to  
die  
With a smile on his lips and a hope in his  
eye.  
When all is over and all is done,  
Now which of these men was the richer  
one?

## THE AVERAGE MAN.

(Hamlin Garland in the Outlook.)

His face had the grimness of granite;  
It was bleached and bronzed by the sun  
Like the coat on his poor narrow shoulders.  
And his hands showed the work he had  
done.  
His dim eyes were weary and patient.  
And he smiled through his pallor and  
tan  
A wistful, sad smile, as if saying,  
"I'm only an average man.  
I can't be a hero or poet,  
Nor a dictator wearing a crown,  
I'm only the hard working servant  
Of those set above me, I'm down,  
And it's no use complaining—  
I'll get along the best way I can,  
And one o' these days 'll come morning  
And rest for the average man.  
He wages all battles and wins them,  
He builds all turrets that tower  
Over walls of the city to tell  
Of the rulers and priests of the hour.  
Without him the general is helpless,  
The earth but a place and a plan.  
He moves all, and clothes all, and feeds all.  
This sad-smiling average man.  
Then I lifted my hand in a promise,  
With teeth set close, and my breath  
Held hard in my throat, and I uttered  
A vow that shall outlive death.  
I swear that the builder no longer  
To me shall be less than the plan  
Henceforward be gnerdon and glory  
And hope for the average man.

## OUR CONFERENCE PRESIDENTS.

The subject of this sketch, Elder J. W. Funk, has recently been called to preside over the Ohio Conference.

Elder Funk was born in Richmond, Utah, 25 years ago. His parents immigrated to this country and were among those who marched wearily over the parched plains to be able to associate with the chosen children of the Lord. When Elder Funk was seven years old his father died, his mother and three children were now dependent upon a very



ELDER J. W. FUNK.

limited income. At the age of 11 Elder Funk's energy began to assert itself and he manfully deserted home that he might lighten the burden of his mother. This act demonstrated the disposition of Elder Funk and also assisted him to acquire a self-reliance that has since been of great service to him. He everywhere demonstrated his ability and as a consequence of this and his reliance his services were eagerly sought. Until he was 20 years

old he was continually employed, at this age a desire, formulated in youth, to get an education was realized. For two years he persued a course at the A. C. of U. He then discontinued that he might replenish his pocketbook and return to school. Before he realized this hope an important message informed him that people elsewhere than his native burg needed his administration. Joyfully he responded and in November of '97 the presidency of the Mississippi Conference were glad to welcome him to their conference.

For four months he labored as a true elder of Israel in Mississippi, where his ability as a servant of the Lord was very evident. From Mississippi he was called to Georgia, where he continued in the same conscientious efforts to bear the precious message to all who would hear. When Ohio was annexed to the S. S. Mission, Elder Funk was called to this state to continue his labors. When President Erickson was released he was called to preside over the Ohio Conference. Now that Jas. W. Funk is at the helm and conducting the work, we feel that Ohio will be known among the leading conferences.

## History of the Southern States Mission.

(Continued from page 386.)

In the early part of June new fields were very productive; converts and friends were everywhere made. Coming in as a lamb, she went out like a lion. P. M. Folkman and W. C. Winder secured a hall in Eldorado, N. C. They were informed by note that they were not wanted. They preached to an intelligent crowd and were protected by the best people of the place. In many parts of the mission Elders were similarly treated, but were not harmed.

July 11 John S. Lee and D. O. Willey were, at the point of guns, forced to "move on." In Virginia George A. Smith and Charles R. Clark were notified to vacate; the evacuation never took place. DeKalb county, Tennessee, furnished a mob that made Elders Swen Peterson and R. G. Williams see visions of the "happy hunting ground," that was all, no other damage.

In Mississippi, can it be true, the peo-



ple follow the Elders from place to place, as in the days of the Apostles, "that they might hear more of the word of God."

Hanover county, Virginia, awoke from its slumber, and in the morning of its wrath Elders Winder and M. J. Bartholomew came under its gaze. As a result they were "run in," then run out. It happened in this way:

A man who didn't like them (this was his testimony when the Elders were being tried, and all he knew against them, swore to a complaint charging them:

First—With preaching false doctrine.

Second—Denying the correctness of the translation of the Bible.

Third—Causing a man and wife to separate.

They were accordingly arrested. On the way to jail the mob met the Elders and offered to withdraw the complaint if they would leave. This the Elders refused to do, and were taken to jail. A friend kindly offered bail, but the brethren preferred to remain in jail, where they would be safe. The mob, being thus defeated, retired until midnight, when they surrounded the jail and demanded the "Mormons." The jailor was "true blue" and refused to deliver them. The mob threatened violence, but he stood his ground. They finally left.

The next day at the trial no evidence could be secured against the Elders. They were accordingly acquitted. The mob were determined that they would yet prevail, and as the brethren left the court room they were surrounded and forced to promise to leave the county. In the same county and about the same time P. J. Cordon and W. Richards were "made aware" by seeing dodgers posted up containing resolutions derogatory to them. They continued their labors until seventy-five armed men presented arms, then they departed, seeking new fields to conquer.

In South Carolina, several years prior to the time of writing, a man by the name of Duke appeared among the people, preaching to them. When some applied for baptism, like the "mysterious preacher," he informed them that he had no authority, and if he dared to disobey he would be foolishly treated. Said he, "Soon some men coming two by two in the way the Savior designed will appear among you, and Sister —, calling her by name, will be the first to join. They will have authority to administer in all the ordinances of the Gospel. His success got the better of him, and he organized a church. Soon he was poisoned."

In several years the men, two by two, came around, and, strange to say, the lady spoken of by Duke was the first to join.

(To be Continued.)

### The Old Lady's Obituary.

"I want you to write me a obituary on the old lady," said the rural subscriber to the editor.

"Sorry to hear of your loss."

"Well, I'm not kickin' ag'in Providence!"

"Oh, of course! Well, how old was she?"

"She never did tell."

"Of a retiring disposition, was she?"

"No, sir—she was mightily in evidence at all times!"

"Well, my friend, what on earth am I to say?"

"Oh, jest say that she was took away by Providence, an' Providence knows His business."—Atlanta Constitution.

### IN THE MISSISSIPPI SWAMPS.

Ackerman, Miss., Aug. 15, 1899.

In the Yazoo swamp, Holmes county, is an island called Honey Island, in the middle of which is a very friendly neighborhood known as Mathena Deadwood. The people there, with a few exceptions, were very friendly last year, and a few members were obtained. No Elders had been back for about ten months, so it was deemed best that Elder Stapley and I go and visit them. When we reached Townsend Lake (six miles south of Mathena) one of our friends told us that a protracted meeting was being carried on by three ministers at Mathena. We stopped two days with our friends at the lake, holding meetings and conversing upon the Gospel. As we started for Mathena, Thursday morning, Squire Hosmer told us he feared we would have trouble. I told him I thought not, as they seemed to be a civilized people. He said, "Yes, but three preachers can do a lot of mischief, and they will try it." We went on to Mathena and found that the meeting was to break that day. We attended their meeting and they showed plainly that our presence confused them. All three did some talking. After dinner we went to the house of a friend who had attended the meeting and there learned that at the beginning of the service and before we came our case had been considered. A petition made up and signed with a view of getting rid of us. Some of the people objected to such proceedings at church, as it was no part of the Gospel. The proceedings continued, however, until all who would had signed, then the preaching commenced. The ministers would not speak to us after meeting. We went among our friends and learned that about half the people were on our side, many of whom had already cleaned their guns and determined to protect us when we came. We at once gave out appointments and commenced that night to hold meetings. Then followed a couple of days of loud talk, and in some instances a fight was narrowly averted between our friends and members of the other side. On account of our coming they continued their meeting to try and keep the people from hearing us, and at each service a few more would sign the paper; but we did not get to see it until Frank Hampton, a true friend of ours, returned home and learned what was going on. He at once started out to obtain the petition or the one who carried it. He succeeded in getting it and brought it to us. It was quite a long document and closed by demanding "most earnestly and positively that you leave here at once and remain away forever." (Underlined by them.) It was signed by Rev. G. W. Westerfield, minister of the Protestant Methodist church; Rev. L. M. Lipscomb, minister of the M. E. church, and Henry Watts, postmaster.

Then followed the names of about thirty-five people, men, women and children, some girls of 12 years of age. The Baptist minister helping with the meeting (W. H. Sides) seemed to have a spark of Christianity in him and refused to sign the paper the first day, but that spark was overcome by the darkness and on the second day he signed it.

We paid no special attention to this, but continued our meetings. The ministers, getting it well worked up, left Saturday night to keep out of the trouble they thought would surely come on the

morning, for we had an appointment for meetings with dinner on the ground. Just before noon our friends had a tilt with some of the mob, and they found we numbered among our friends many of the best men of the community, and some who were feared by all; consequently no violence was attempted. But a leading man who lived off about six miles came and sent two men to notify all who signed the paper to meet him at the church at 4 p.m. We dismissed our meeting in time to go down and meet them. The gentleman who called them together, T. J. Weims, said he desired to talk with them and make peace. After speaking on the rights of American citizens and how dangerous it would be to drive men out of a county with no charge against them, and who had broken no law, he called on Mr. Watt, one of the oldest men in the crowd, and something like the following colloquy took place: "Mr. Watt, didn't you join the church you wanted to?" "Yes, sir." "Don't you think all of us ought to have the same privilege?" Direct answer evaded. "Why do you want to drive the Mormons out?" "Because I disagree with them." "Well, as a Methodist, you disagree with the Baptists, don't you?" "Well, a—no a—not particularly." Other Methodists in the crowd shouted, "Yes, we do," "tell the truth." "Tell him yes." "Then why do you want to drive out the Mormons and not others whom you disagree with?" "Because everything was peace before they came and it is contention ever since." "I beg to differ with you, Mr. Watts. The Methodists and Baptists were in a continual jangle before the Elders ever came. What else have you against them?" "It is reported they preach a bad doctrine contrary to the Bible." "Did you ever hear one preach, Mr. Watt?" "Yes, sir." "What kind of sermons did they preach?" "As fine as ever came from the lips of mau." "Then you believe report rather than your own hearing?"

Mr. Weims kept heading them off this way until several got to talking at once, and one whose name was on the petition asked me to tell them what we taught. The Lord gave me His spirit, my tongue was loosened, and for thirty minutes I preached them the Gospel; also told them of their condition and our position; told them how we treated their ministers, and closed with a testimony of the restoration of the Gospel and the divinity of the mission of Joseph Smith. Many of them expressed themselves as being ashamed of their actions and asked us to erase their names from the petition, and said in the future they would grant us the same rights that they themselves enjoyed. Peace and harmony was restored, and will remain there until Satan's emissaries again return and stir up the hearts of the people to anger against the servants of God. The rest of our meetings were well attended.

On returning from the swamp we came by Carroll county, where we have a small branch composed of fifteen members. Although few in number, these good people had gone to work with a will to build a house for worship, and the evidence of their zeal showed up in a beautiful little church, nicely seated, with room to accommodate about seventy people. Some of their erstwhile friends sent them word it was a waste of time and material, for they would burn it as soon as it was completed, but Brother Martin, with his few brethren, were not alarmed, but finished the building and



scattered the news far and near that we would have meeting there all day, and "dinner on the ground," Aug. 8th, at which time the church would be dedicated. In order to be sure of a church to dedicate, we guarded it closely day and night. On Aug. 8th a large crowd of people gathered, and we had an excellent time. All seemed to enjoy themselves at both the spiritual and temporal feast. When the southerner does anything it is whole-souled. So it was on this occasion. The long tables under the trees fairly groaned under the load of good things, and after more than a hundred people had been filled with the food prepared by four families many baskets full were left. It was a time long to be remembered, and as a fitting climax we led one person from the world into the fold of Christ. As we left we asked the blessings of God on the good people of Brock. Your brother,

OSMER D. FLAKE.

### A Sure Winner.

A buzzard, who had found a freshly killed hare and was about to bear it away to a tree top to be eaten at leisure, was addressed by a fox who came running up with:

"Ah, now, but I mistook you for the eagle and wanted a word with you."

The buzzard was flattered and offered reynard the head of the hare. As she did so the wolf came up and observed:

"Well, well, but who ever saw the buzzard looking so fierce and so proud as today? Really, now, but I took you for the condor."

That tickled the buzzard again, and to show her good will she divided the body of the hare with the wolf. She had said that she must be off, when the jackel came trotting up and exclaimed:

"Upon my word, but I must have dust in my eyes. I was sure that my friend here was the ostrich, and I was going to ask her for a feather. Mrs. Buzzard, my compliments!"

The buzzard grinned and giggled and tried to look shy, and meanwhile the jackal ate up the other half of the hare.

"Here—how's this—where's my part?" exclaimed the buzzard, as she got to see what had happened.

"Oh, we took the meat and you have the taffy!" replied the jackal as he licked his chops and walked off.

Moral.—When craft will not avail and argument goes for naught, flattery will always win.—Buffalo News.

### The Beak of the Mosquito.

The beak of the mosquito is simply a tool box, wherein the mosquito keeps six miniature surgical instruments in perfect order. Two of these instruments are exactly counterparts of the surgeon's lance; one is a spear with a double-barbed head, the fourth is a needle of exquisite fineness, a saw and a pump going to make up the complement. The spear is the largest of the six tools, and is used for making the initial puncture; next the lances or knives are brought into play to cause the blood to flow more freely. In case this last operation fails of having the desired effect, the saw and the needle are carefully and feelingly inserted in a lateral direction in the victim's flesh. The pump, the most delicate of all six of the instruments, is used in transferring the blood to the insect's stomach.

### Eggs, Likely.

On Sunday, as a certain Scottish minister was returning homeward, he was accosted by an old woman, who said:

"Oh, sir, well do I like the day when you preach."

The minister, who was aware that he was not very popular, answered:

"My good woman, I am glad to hear it. There are too few like you. And why do you like it when I preach?"

"Oh, sir," she replied, "when you preach I always get a good seat."—Ohio State Journal.

A lady who has a great horror of the tobacco habit got on a car the other day and said to the passenger next to her: "Do you chew tobacco, sir?"

"No, ma'am, I don't," was the reply; but I can give you a chew if you want one."—Ohio State Journal.

### Truth in This.

Howard, the sage of the Salina Press, speaks very truly in the following: "Don't expect everybody to be your friend in this world. There are people who would sooner see you make a flat failure in life than succeed. There are people whom you have put yourself to trouble and expense to serve who would sooner speak ill of you than good. Merit is not always appreciated even by one's kith and kin. The approving conscience at least is an ever faithful friend; a monitor we can always afford to heed in sunshine or shadow."

### Again Heard From.

"Don't it beat all, Si," said Seth Grogins, as he pressed down slightly on the scale pan in weighing out three-quarters of a pound of sugar. "Did you ever see it colder than this fur this time o' th' yer?" Si Green broke a cracker and thrust the bits into his mouth. "No, can't say 't I ever did," he muttered thoughtfully, "less it wuz th' fall o' '32. Tur'ble fall, th' las' week in August. All th' sheep friz. Ground wuz froze solid fi' feet down by middle o' September. I'll never fergit haow mother set up fur four days, 'thout food ner sleep makin' canton flannel night shirts fur th' wheat. If it hed 't bin fur that, father'd lost th' hull crop. As 'twas he reeled seventy-few bushel. But it'spritty cold naow.—Detroit Free Press.

"Godness! We'll miss the opera," she said, impatiently. We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," he replied, somewhat acrimoniously.

"Ours?" cried she, rapturously. "Oh! George, this is so sudden!" Then she fell upon his neck.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Don't you know," said the patriotic man, "that it would be a great thing to see a rainbow at night?"

"Think so?" asked his friend.

"Why, yes. Just to think of seeing the stars and stripes that far above our heads! What other nation could plant colors anywhere near ours?"—Chicago News.

The word prevaricator originally signified to walk crookedly. A prevaricator was once a cripple whose lower limbs were distorted.

### POEMS WORTH READING.

(A Worker's Hymn by Rudyard Kipling.)  
If there be good in that I wrought,  
Thy hand compelled it, Master, thine;  
Where I have failed to meet thy thought  
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

One instant's toll, to Thee denied  
Stands all eternity's offense,  
Of that I did with Thee to guide,  
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,  
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,  
Godlike to muse o'er his own trade  
And manlike stand with God again.

The depth and dream of my desire,  
The bitter paths wherein I stray,  
Thou knowest who has made the fire,  
Thou knowest who has made the clay.

One stone the more swings to her place  
In that dread temple of Thy worth,  
It is enough that through Thy grace  
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken;  
Oh, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,  
Help me to need no aid from men  
That I may help such men as need.

### LIFE AND LOVE.

There is something to live for and something to love  
Wherever we linger, wherever we rove;  
There are thousands of sad ones to cheer  
and sustain  
Till hopes that are hidden beam o'er them again.

There is something to live for and something to love,  
For the spirit of man is like garden or grove,  
It will yield a sweet fragrance, but still  
you must toil,  
And cheerish the blossoms, and culture the soil.

### IF IT BE TRUE THAT ANY BEAUTEOUS THING.

(Michael Angelo. Translated by J. E. Taylor.)

If it be true that any heauteous thing  
Raises the pure and just desire of man  
From earth to God, the eternal fount of all,  
Such I believe my love; for as in her  
So fair, in whom I all besides forget,  
I view the gentle work of the Creator.  
I have no care for any other thing,  
Whilst thus I love. Nor is it marvelous,  
Since the effect is not of my own power,  
If the soul doth, by nature tempted forth,  
Enamored through the eyes,  
Repose upon the eyes which it resembleth.  
And through them riseth to the primal love.  
As to its end, and honors in admiring;  
For who adores the Maker needs must love  
His work.

There is something to live for and something to love,  
'Tis a truth which the misanthrope ne'er  
can disprove,  
For tho' thorns and thistles may choke up  
the flower,  
Some beauty will grace the most desolate  
bower.

Richard Realf.

Then think on it, brother, wherever thou art,  
Let the life be for men and the love for the heart,  
For know that the pathway which leads us  
above  
is something to live for and something to love.

New York Times.

When those we love have come and gone,  
'Tis weary to be left behind—  
To miss sweet eyes where late they shone,  
To look for what we may not find,  
Long cherished forms that haunt the mind  
Soft voices that were once too kind;  
To live and miss them one by one  
Is weary work. Who'd stay behind  
When those we love come and gone.

(Lowell, Stanzas on Freedom.)  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hated scoffing and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

O jealousy,  
Thou ugliest fiend of hell; thy deadly  
venom  
Preys on my vitals, turns the healthful hue  
Of my fresh cheek to haggard sallowness,  
And drinks my spirit up.





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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1899.

## ARTICLES OF FAITH OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

1. We believe in God the Eternal Father, and in His Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.
2. We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.
3. We believe that, through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.
4. We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, Laying on of Hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost.
5. We believe that a man must be called of God, by "prophecy, and by the laying on of hands," by those who are in authority, to preach the gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.
6. We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church—namely, Apostles, Prophets, Pastors, Teachers, Evangelists, etc.
7. We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.
8. We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.
9. We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.
10. We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be built upon this (the American) continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisaical glory.
11. We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may.
12. We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates; in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law.
13. We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul, "We believe all things, we hope all things, we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."—JOSEPH SMITH.

The price of subscription for next year's Star will be \$1.

We will be able to mail the first volume in about two months. It will be neatly bound with the best binding, and will be a very presentable book. We can mail it to anyone for \$2.

An interview in the Atlanta Constitution on the "Mormon" Faith is the latest tract added to our list. A long-felt want has been supplied in this tract, as it deals with our belief from an up-to-date standpoint, treating those questions that every Elder is asked.

Their effect cannot be estimated, as they will explain many things and enter many homes where Elders cannot gain access, thus explaining our doctrine, our church organization and various other subjects that have been omitted by other writers.

ETHEL

LOWRY REID.

THE sad death of Ethel Lowry Reid touches every heart engaged in preaching the true Gospel with the tenderest sympathy. She laid down her bright young life while enlisted in the Master's cause. Deceased was born in Manti, Utah, July 6, 1871, which place has since been her home. Possessed of brilliant talents she has from early girlhood been prominent in the public affairs of the Temple City of Sanpete. Her faith in the Gospel was unlimited and she was ever a zealous church worker. For a number of years she was president of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, which position she filled with fitting grace and ability. Many other important duties were intrusted to her care and performed with signal credit.

Some four years ago she married Elder Clare W. Reid. In the spring of 1898, she with her husband was called to fill a mission in far off Samoa. Joyful at being counted worthy to labor in the world for the salvation of mankind, they set sail from San Francisco for their new field of action early in June. Arriving at Apia they entered upon their work with light hearts and characteristic energy. During the Samoan trouble, Apia being the seat of war, they lost all their personal property and many trying experiences came to them. Through it all and the trials and tribulations incident to missionary life Sister Reid showed remarkable courage and fortitude. On March 29, 1899, a son was born to them. All went well until a short time ago when Sister Reid contracted a stomach trouble and her health became so delicate that it was thought best that she return to the vales of the mountains. Reluctantly she bade farewell to Samoa and sailed for her native land. Brother Reid feared to have her go alone but at her earnest solicitations he consented to stay on the island and complete his mission. Sister Reid and her son reached Provo where she died, not, however, until she had greeted her parents and shown them her Samoan child, according to a blessing pronounced upon her head by Elder Wood of that mission some two months before the babe was born. She was conscious to the last and when asked why her husband did not accompany her impressively answered, "because his work is not yet finished."

The funeral services were held at Manti and were touching. Apostle George Teasdale and Elders Wood, Stringham and Clayton late of the Samoan mission were the principal speakers. The singing under the leadership of Prof. A. C. Smyth was exceptionally sweet, and the floral decorations were the prettiest ever seen in Manti. Twelve young men carried the corpse from the tabernacle to the cemetery, and the young ladies formed a procession following. Many friends from different parts of the state were in attendance, and everything that possibly could add to the consolation of the bereaved and respect for the dead was done. As the corpse was being lowered into the grave a puff of wind sent a shower of leaves over the hallowed spot, which lent a poetic charm to the sad occasion.

Sister Ethel Lowry Reid has gone from us for a time but the good deeds of her noble life will remain with those who were fortunate enough to know her.

The world is better for her having lived. Her life and strength of character shone out in her anxiety and pleadings to have her husband remain at his post of duty. Such women create greatness.

To the bereaved husband the elders in the South unite in calling upon our great Captain to bless him with sufficient strength and encouragement to labor on in the Lord's vineyard, happy in the knowledge that eternity will restore to him, in more beautiful form, his loved one forever.

"She died in beauty, like a rose blown from its parent stem;  
She died in beauty, like a pearl dropped from some diadem;  
She died in beauty, like a lay along a moon-lit lake;  
She died in beauty, like the song of birds amid the brake;  
She died in beauty, like the snow on flowers dissolved away;  
She died in beauty, like a star lost on the brow of day;  
She lives in glory, like Night's gems set around the silver moon;  
She lives in glory, like the sun amid the blue of June."

T. C. Cliff, travelling through the south in the interest of an anti-polygamy league, is very zealous in his task, so much so that he wholly forgets himself. If he is working to suppress evil and secure his own salvation he should remember John's words, "And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie."

Mr. Cliff is reported as having said recently at Atlanta in an address delivered in that city that, "If Roberts is seated, all the work of the ministers of Utah will come to naught, and lust and vice will be licensed to march unbridled and unscreened up and down the proud valleys of Utah." A man making such statements as these, if not devoid of reason, must know that he is not keeping the whole of the commandments, for one says: "Thou shalt not bear false witness." Truly no man or woman could truthfully say such things. If he had read Mormon Church works, he must know that he is misrepresenting an innocent people. Did such a condition prevail when the "Mormons" were 1,000 miles from the borders of civilization? Strange that one man is going to wield such a wonderful influence. It would seem from Mr. Cliff's statement that Mr. Roberts would control the whole of the western country. Most rational people have better confidence in the government than Mr. Cliff seems to have. The "Mormons" are merely a handful, and possibly if the government could overpower Spain they might make a little showing against the Mormons.

We will soon have ready for distribution a new copy of Orson Pratt's works, with two additional tracts, increasing the present book about eighty pages. The print will be smaller and the binding a little different from the present book, but the subject matter of the book will not be changed in any way.

This book will be sold for the small sum of 25 cents.

A good story about President Kruger is told by the Cape Times. It is related that two brothers who had inherited a large farm couldn't divide it among themselves. They went to the President for advice, and he advised them that the older one make the division and the younger one the selection. This judgment is worthy of Solomon.



### A Young Man's Influence.

Young man, did it ever occur to you why one man or boy in your community had more influence than another? Why he was looked up to and commanded the respect of his associates to a greater degree than some others? Certainly you will find such a case, and the reason is, not because he or they may have more money than the others, but because their daily conduct is such as to inspire confidence. Their very presence exhales a respectable air. I care not for the Carlylean croakings of the pessimist, the world is getting better. Influences are being brought to bear that are saving a greater portion of those not utterly lost to all self-respect. The great strength of the masses lies in the fact that the influence of one good man or boy in a community counteracts the influence of ten bad ones, and the good ones are growing thicker. You attempt to contradict me by pointing over to that corner where stands a half dozen cigarette-smoking, half-developed nondescripts, intermixed with three or four blue-eyed toughs, and I will go up the street a little ways into a well-kept home and bring out a boy who has the stamp of manhood upon him, whose influence in that block outweighs all the others, for they all know him. As "one drop of ink makes millions think," so one strictly moral, upright man makes his influence felt in spite of his surroundings. Even though the brute force may outnumber, it can never predominate over the intellectual force.

Here are ten young men kicking over exciting conditions so vigorously that it takes all their time; there is the eleventh, who, while he may deplore as strongly as the others, has gone to work like a young Hercules to better the condition. The latter class will conquer, because they are "thrice armed."

There is a distinctively higher tone in the character of the average young man today than was found a decade ago. I use the term "average" advisedly, rejecting a certain class who persistently refuse to rise to be counted even as an "average." In a physical sense, which condition after all is a necessary concomitant or basis of all virtues, he is a sounder of lung and limb and has a superior alimentation. The young man of whom we speak cares but little for the scoffs and jeers of the corner loafer. In a few years he will be employing better men sweeping car tracks or running his looms.

The young men of today have within their grasp, and are using facilities for the cultivation of character that our grandfathers, with all their simplicities and virtue, never knew. In this connection an illustrative thought occurs. When our grandfathers were harvesting their corn, upon coming to a fine, large, fully developed ear they would throw it into the basket by itself to propagate from, while the small, inconsequential "muhbins" were consigned to the feed box.

Which will you be, a perfect growth, or a "muhbin?"

### The Wise Men.

The wise men will not expect too much from those about him. He will bear and forbear. Even the best have foibles and weaknesses which have to be endured, sympathized with and perhaps pitied. Who is perfect? Who does not need forbearance and forgiveness?—Samuel Smiles.

### A Falsehood Nailed

Rev. M. L. Oswalt, an apostate, who has compiled two flimsy articles consisting mainly of extracts from false histories. Seeing his efforts pleased a certain class he proceeded to publish a third, a rehash of the other two. In his last book he accuses some members of the Church living near Sturgis, Miss., of doing things that they were not guilty of. When approached by some of the accused he acknowledged his error by promising to rectify certain statements made by him about the saints in a paper published at Ackerman, Miss., also in the unsold copies of his book. Mr. E. L. Taylor gives his written testimony that he heard Oswalt make these promises, as and four enormous tubs constitute the yet he has not, and now refuses to do as he promised, thus making himself a two-fold falsifier seeking rather to gain the money acquired from the sale of the book than the honor of being honest.

The friends of Oswalt applaud his action and say "he learned what was in Mormonism and therefore quit them." The facts in the case are these: Oswalt always aspired (without the ability) to become a preacher, after joining the "Mormons" he went to Colorado with a company of Saints and while there he publicly testified that he knew "Mormonism" was true. The rigors of the climate were such that many of us could not stand it and we decided to return to Mississippi. Oswalt, against his will, returned with us. Soon he returned to the Baptist church, but becoming dissatisfied attended "frolics" and gave such entertainments at his own home with the hope that he would be "turned out of the church," but he was not then the society to which he belonged secured his services to assist them in fighting "Mormonism," hence these flimsy expositions of "Mormonism." The Rev. (?) Oswalt will attempt to expose "Mormonism," and for two or three hours will grind out a painful tale to his auditors then if met by Elders or friends he always has a sick sister or brother who need his attention and suddenly leaves "least he be led into the snares of Mormonism."

We all sympathize with the people who will listen to a false tale and will not learn for themselves the true state of affairs. God have mercy on them.

H. P. DOTSON.

(Deseret News please copy.)

Clinton, Tenn.

I wish to write a few lines to the Star if space is allowed me to bear my testimony. When the "Mormon" elders first came into our community, because of tales told about them, I was "with the crowd" in opposing them. I was led soon afterwards to investigate. From the depths of my heart I cried unto the Lord to know the way, and I bear my testimony that the Lord showed me the light. In "Mormonism" I have found a "pearl of great price". I know the signs follow the believer for in my own family the sick have been healed by "the laying on of hands," and if others would call on the Lord asking Him for information, my testimony is that they will receive all the evidence they desire.

J. H. MOYERS.

The hope of reward sweetens labor.

### The Material of a Local Elder.

Elder Cadmus Wallace writes from Greensburg, Ky., and wishes the readers of the Star to know that he is a Mormon to the backbone. He has not been to Utah, but was reared in old Kentucky, where he had to contend with the prevailing sectarianism. He is very thankful that God has opened his eyes to the truth of the everlasting gospel as taught by the Latter Day Saints.

He testifies as Job that he knows that His Redeemer lives, also that Joseph Smith is a Prophet of the living God and that he was the instrument used to introduce the Gospel in these last days. Elder Wallace has been laboring in the missionary field most assiduously for several months, preaching in the cities and hamlets, and is fearless in the defence of the same. He has made a very successful missionary, enduring the scoffs and scorn of those who don't understand his message, and has suffered persecution, but he delights in the service of his master Jesus, being perfectly satisfied that through faithfulness he will obtain an eternal reward and be well paid for the time spent so energetically in the service of God.

Many more such spirits are needed in this world as Elder Cadmus Wallace.

Leisville, Va.

Dear Sir: I wish to write a brief testimony of my observations among the Latter Day Saints. While I am not a member of the church, I am an ardent admirer of the people called Latter Day Saints, and am inspired with a reverence for their devout conduct. Every Sabbath as they meet in Sunday School I feel that I was in the presence of the children of God. The family with whom I live are consistent and as good citizens as any in the country. Such are all the members of the church in this community. In reading the Bible I find these people agree with the doctrine taught therein and the elders preach the Bible as it reads.

JAMES A. CUNDIFF.

One of the curious social laws of Peru forbids women to attend funerals, and they do not appear at weddings unless they are very intimate friends. When a funeral procession passes through the streets the coffin is carried upon the shoulders of the pallbearers, who are followed by an empty hearse drawn by two, four or six horses, according to the means of the mourners and their desire for display. All the male members of the family and friends of the deceased follow on foot with a line of empty carriages behind them. As long as they are in the presence of the dead it is considered a proper and necessary evidence to walk. After the body has been committed to the grave, those who attend the funeral are brought home in carriages.—Ex.

The Youth's Companion, just to hand, announces special inducements to subscribers for the next year's Companion. The service of some of the liveliest writers of the day has been secured, and the same interesting and classic reading matter is promised to those who subscribe. The Youth's Companion has always been a most interesting paper, and with the stories promised for the coming year it will be no exception.



## MOTIVES AND FEELINGS OF THE SAINTS.

BY PRESIDENT JOHN TAYLOR (Sermon Preached in 1853.)

In rising to address you this morning, I do it with feelings of peculiar pleasure, for I always love to meet with the Saints of the Most High; I always loved to speak or to hear of the things associated with the kingdom of God; and consequently, as we are all engaged in the worship of the Almighty, and meet together from time to time, to sing, to pray, to speak, to edify and be edified, it is of little importance to me what part I take in the drama. I am pleased at all times to hear my brethren speak, and it likewise gives me pleasure to address the Saints for their edification.

As men and women of intelligence, as those who profess to be the servants of the Most High, we all have more or less reflection pertaining to the kingdom of God. The ideas that we have entertained, relative to this kingdom, have brought us here; these feelings and principles have caused us to leave our native homes, our former habitations and associations, and to mingle with the Saints of the Most High in the valleys of these mountains. If we have suffered afflictions and privations, if we have passed through troubles or sorrows, if we have had to do with the chequered scenes of this life, more particularly as it is associated with the kingdom of God, it is because we have been stimulated by thoughts, feelings, hopes, and desires, pertaining to the eternal world, and those things associated with our everlasting welfare.

If these are not our feelings, what are we doing here? Why are we found in this distant land? Why have we left the land of our birth, and dwelling place? Why have we quitted our former associations and friends, in different nations, countries, tongues, and peoples, and thus become amalgamated? Why do we together worship the Most High in the valleys of the mountains, if these have not been our feelings? We have come here expressly for this purpose. This has been our only object, our only hope, our chief desire, and may account for our singular gathering, and our peculiar location here. And notwithstanding we may have a few trials and difficulties, and various things that frequently perplex and annoy our minds, and disturb our feelings, yet the polar star of our minds, the strong and deep feeling of affection and the principle of truth within us, still point to the same thing for which we started at the commencement of our career; and when we bow down before our God, when we enter into our closet and call upon the Lord, when associated with our families to supplicate the Most High, when we mingle with the Saints in public worship, or whenever we are led seriously to reflect upon the true position of this kingdom, our rejoicing is, that our face is Zionward, that our hopes are placed upon God, and we know that He is our Father and Friend. We contemplate with joy that the heavens have been opened, that truth has been revealed, and the power of God developed; that angels have manifested themselves, and the glory of the eternal world has been made known, and that we have been made participators in that light, glory and intelligence which God has been pleased to reveal for the blessing, salvation, and exaltation of the human family in this time and throughout all eternity. These are our feelings.

We believe that God has set His hand in these last days to accomplish His purposes, to gather together His elect from the four winds, even to fulfill the words which He has spoken by all the holy Prophets, to redeem the earth from the power of the curse, to save the human family from the ruins of the fall, and to place mankind in that position which God designed them to occupy before this world came into existence, or the morn-

ing stars sang together for joy. We believe in and realize these things; we feel them, we appreciate them, and therefore are we thus assembled together.

I know that, as other men, we have our trials, afflictions, sorrows, and privations; we meet with difficulties; we have to contend with the world, with the powers of darkness, with the corruptions of men, and a variety of evils; yet at the same time through these things we have to be made perfect. It is necessary that we should have a knowledge of ourselves, of our true position and standing before God, and comprehend our strength, our weakness, our ignorance and intelligence, our wisdom and our folly, that we may know how to appreciate true principles, and comprehend, and put a proper value upon, all things as they present themselves before our minds. It is necessary that we should know our own weaknesses, and the weaknesses of our fellow-men; our own strength, as well as the strength of others; and comprehend our true position before God, angels, and men; that we may be inclined to treat all with due respect, and not to overvalue our own wisdom or strength, nor depreciate it, nor that of others, but put our trust in the living God, and follow after Him, and realize that we are His children, and that He is our Father, and that our dependence is upon Him, and that every blessing we receive flows from His beneficent hand.

It is necessary, then, that we pass through the school of suffering, trial, affliction, and privation, to know ourselves, to know others, and to know our God. Therefore it was necessary, when the Savior was upon the earth, that He should be tempted in all points, like unto us, and "be touched with the feeling of our infirmities," to comprehend the weaknesses and strength, the perfections and imperfections of poor fallen human nature. And having accomplished the thing He came into the world to do; having had to grapple with the hypocrisy, corruption, weakness, and imbecility of man; having met with temptation and trial in all its various forms, and overcome, He has become a "faithful High Priest" to intercede for us in the everlasting kingdom of His Father. He knows how to estimate and put a proper value upon human nature, for He having been placed in the same position as we are, knows how to bear with our weaknesses and infirmities, and can fully comprehend the depth, power and strength of the afflictions and trials that men have to cope with in this world, and thus understandingly and by experience, He can bear with them as a father and an elder brother.

It is necessary, also, inasmuch as we profess that we are aiming at the same glory, exaltation, power, and blessings in the eternal world, that we should pass through the same afflictions, endure the same privations, conquer as He conquered, and overcome as He did, and thus by integrity, truth, virtue, purity, and a high-minded and honorable course before God, angels and men, secure for ourselves an eternal exaltation in the eternal world, as He did.

The world at the present time is all confused, and it seems to me, sometimes, that even we have made very little improvement indeed, according to the light and intelligence God has communicated to us. But what has the world done? Whether you look at it morally, religiously, philosophically, or politically, or in what way you please, you will find it is all a chaotic mass. Confusion, disorder, weakness, corruption, and vice of every kind are abounding, and the whole world seems to be confused and retrograding. The human family have de-

parted from the principles which God has laid down for their guidance, direction, and support; they have forsaken Him the fountain of living waters, and hewn out to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water.

I shall not, at the present, examine particularly their philosophy or politics; these things you are already acquainted with, for you have had more or less to do with them; you have seen their weakness, and incompetency to accomplish anything they desired in times past. There is no project they have put on foot, to the present time, if carried on to the furthest extent, according to the most sanguine desires of its advocates, that would be capable of producing happiness to the human family. I shall not enter into a detail of these things at the present, but merely make this statement. Suffice it to say that we have been satisfied of these things years ago, and therefore have come here. Have we come here because we expect to become more rich? No. Have we united with this Church because we expect to become more honorable in the eyes of the world? No. I think this work would have been the last ship we should have boarded, if that had been what we sought. This reminds me of a minister that I once conversed with in England. He wanted a little private conversation, after having had some public debate with me. Said he: "Elder Taylor, is there any way you know of that I can be saved without uniting with your Church?" These were the feelings most of us had when we first heard the Gospel. "Mormonism" is the first impression, and the "Mormons" are looked upon as being deluded fanatics and fools, the offscouring of the earth. This is the way we have been looked upon, and in this light we look upon "Mormonism" ourselves, at the first. When I first read about the Gospel preached by the Latter Day Saints, I thought it was nothing akin to religion; and I presume now that the people in England, and in the United States, particularly since they have heard some of the late doctrines which have been proclaimed, think it is nothing like religion. I know what their feelings are, and I know that nothing but a sterling desire to do the will of God will cause men to endure the contumely and reproach of their fellow-men, and associate themselves with the people denominated Latter Day Saints or "Mormons." We had similar feelings to these ourselves; and we united with this people because we considered there was truth associated with their religion, otherwise we never should have become converts to it, we should never have been here, but we should have been with the world, and following in their path. But we are here; the world have their ideas, and we have ours. I was going to say, they think they are right; but on reflecting a moment, I am led to think they do not think so, but they are at a loss to know how to mend themselves. The difference between them and us is, they think they do not know a better way than that they are pursuing; we think we do, and some of us know we do. I confess, myself, that if I knew no other religion than the religions that are propagated abroad, I would not be a religious man at all, but I would lay it all aside, as something beneath my notice, and worship God as the great Supreme of the Universe, according to my own judgment, independent of the opinions of men, and without having any regard to the ridiculous dogmas taught in the world.

Many find fault with and blame the infidel community, and say that none but scoundrels would be associated with them, etc. The most intelligent men in the world are found among the infidel class of society. They see a variety of sects and parties contending for all kinds of conflicting dogmas. They know that persecution and wrong have prevailed, under the cloak of religion, causing many to be imprisoned and put to death. In



fact, there has been no inhumanity, barbarity, or cruelty equal to that practiced by the professors of religion. Humanity shudders at the thought, and yet the hypocrites tell us it is all for the love of God. And they do it for the benefit of the human family. The Catholics have killed Protestants by thousands, and vice versa, and yet we must believe it is for the love of God, and for the welfare of souls. Can I think that God has anything to do with influencing such a course of conduct? No. What can there be more ridiculous, for instance, at the present day, than two Christian nations fighting with each other, and both worshipping the same God, and whose ministers call upon God, as they say, in sincerity? What for? For God to destroy their enemies, their brother Christians, who are going to the same heaven. The other party pray for the same thing, and when both have been praying, then comes the clang of arms, the deadly strife, the groans of the dying, blood, carnage, and desolation. And after they have got through, the victorious party thank God that He has given them the victory over their enemies. These kinds of Christian feelings do exist. I speak of this as one circumstance. What can I think of such priests, and of such prayers? I think just as much of the one as I do of the other. But what would you think of the gullibility of the people who would listen to such things? Would I be gulled by such inconsistencies? Not if I had my reason. At the present time, take Christians in general, which, you know, we all suppose to be the best people in the world, and one-half of their time is spent in polemical essays and strife; and I think sometimes our Elders engage too much in that matter. But I am not surprised at it, because they have come from that school, and have been trained in that element. They seem to have the bump of combativeness well developed, for almost the very first thing that men do when they go out to preach is to run against these Christians, and their principles. We are not among them here, but gathered out from them, and if we refer to their inconsistencies, it is that we may comprehend our own, and the position of others.

There are Catholicism, Presbyterianism, and all other isms, the advocates of which worship the same God, though their doctrine, precepts, and beliefs are not the same; they think differently, and worship differently, and each party sends to hell, in a wholesale manner, all who differ from them! and if God was no more merciful than they are, we should find ourselves all there together. This is the way things exist down in the world. If it was not for the religion I profess, which gives me to know something about the matter, by revelation for myself, I would not have anything to do with religion at all. I would worship God the best way I knew how, and act justly and honorably with my neighbor; which I believe thousands of that class of men called Infidels do at the present day. But I never would submit to be gulled with the nonsense that exists in the world, under the name of religion.

What is it, then, that we believe in? We believe in the restoration of all things. We believe that God has spoken from the heavens. If I did not believe He had, I would not be here. We believe that angels have appeared, that the heavens have been opened. We believe in eternal principles, in an eternal Gospel, an eternal Priesthood, in eternal communications and associations. Everything associated with the Gospel that we believe in is eternal. If it were not so, I would want nothing to do with it. I do not want to make a profession, and worship a God because this one, that one or the other one does it, and I not know whether I am right, and those whom I imitate not know, any more than myself, whether they are right or wrong.

I profess to know for myself, and if I did not know for myself, I would have nothing to do with it. Acting upon this

principle, I associated myself with the Latter Day Saints. I preach that doctrine, which I verily believe with my whole soul. I believe in its principles, because there is something intelligent about it. For instance—if I am an eternal being, I want something that is calculated to satisfy the capacious desires of that eternal mind. If I am a being that came into the world yesterday, and leaves it again tomorrow, I might as well have one religion as another, or none at all; "let us eat and drink; for tomorrow we die." If I am an eternal being, I want to know something about that eternity with which I am associated. I want to know something about God, the devil, heaven and hell. If hell is a place of misery, and heaven a place of happiness, I want to know how to escape the one and obtain the other. If I cannot know something about these things which are to come in the eternal world, I have no religion, I would not have any, I would not give a straw for it. It would be too low and grovelling a consideration for a man of intelligence, in the absence of this knowledge. If there is a God, I want a religion that supplies some means of certain and tangible communication with Him. If there is a heaven, I want to know what sort of a place it is. If there are angels, I want to know their nature, and their occupation, and of what they are composed. If I am an eternal being, I want to know what I am to do when I get through with time; whether I shall plant corn and hoe it, or be engaged in some other employment. I do not want any person to tell me about a heaven that is "beyond the bounds of time and space," a place that no person can possibly know anything about or ever reach, if they did. I do not wish any person to frighten me nearly to death, by telling me about a hell where sinners are roasted upon gridirons, and tossed up by devils upon pitchforks, and other sharp-pointed instruments. These notions are traditional, and have come from the old mother church.

I have a Catholic book containing pictures of devils roasting sinners upon gridirons, tossing them about with pitchforks; of snakes and dragons devouring them, etc.; which I have brought with me from the old country. The Protestants are indebted to the Catholics for all this blessed information, and all the joys associated with it, and I suppose the Catholics are indebted to some of the ancient painters for it. I want nothing to do with such things. I care nothing about them. But as an intelligent being, if I have a mind capable of reflection, I wish to contemplate the works of nature, and to know something of nature's God, and my destiny. I love to view the things around me; to gaze upon the sun, moon and stars; to study the planetary system and the world we inhabit; to behold their beauty, order, harmony, and the operations of existence around me. I can see something more than that mean jargon, those childish quibbles, this heaven beyond the bounds of time and space, where they have nothing to do but sit and sing themselves away to everlasting bliss, or go and roast on gridirons. There is nothing like that to be found in nature—everything is beautifully harmonious, and perfectly adapted to the position it occupies in the world. Whether you look at birds, beasts, or the human system, you see something exquisitely beautiful and harmonious, and worthy of the contemplation of all intelligence. What is man's wisdom in comparison to it? I could not help but believe there was a God, if there was no such thing as religion in the world.

If we look at men, with the best and most exalted talents you can find, what do they know or comprehend, or what can they do in comparison to the works of God? What is there that is worthy of notice in all the mechanism of men, with all their intelligence and science combined, upon which they have been

improving from year to year, and from generation to generation? What do they know to the present time? If you look at their governments you see none of them pursuing their legitimate object of promoting the happiness of the world, but they are engaged in watching each other for evil, and destroying themselves. They have organized armies, navies, custom house officers, etc., in order to support their own peculiar locality and interests, independent of anything else, or any regard to the rest of mankind. They look upon each other as upon as many thieves, and maintain their armies and navies for self-defense against the intrusions of their neighboring brother robbers.

Such is the nature of the main organization of the nations at the present time. But if we look back for a few ages, we shall discover that where the most mighty nations existed generations ago, is now a desolate waste, and a howling wilderness. We are now occupying a place that was a wilderness, before we commenced to people it, but which was densely populated generations ago. Such is the case, in a great measure, with Palestine, Babylon, and many parts of the Assyrian empire. Changes have been going on continually, and the ambition of man has desolated nations, overturned kingdoms, depopulated empires, overthrown countries, and millions have had to welter in their gore. This has been the wisdom of Gentile governments, with all their intelligence and philosophy.

We look again at the works of God, and see nothing exhibited there but perfection, harmony, symmetry, and order. If we look at the planetary system, we see this principle beautifully and most perfectly maintained. Immense planets revolve round our sun, and this system; and other suns, with their systems, round another; and that, and innumerable other suns and systems, with our own, around another yet greater and more magnificent; and so, millions of systems more in their order, until it is past our comprehension, and yet everything is beautiful, perfect and harmonious. If it was otherwise; if the kingdoms of God were governed by the same confused order of things that are characteristic of the governments of this world, we would have had planet dashing against planet in wild confusion, and millions of their inhabitants sent to desolation in a moment.

God's works are perfect. If you examine vegetation, how beautiful that is. Who is there that can imitate it? We can see some painters who have managed to make rough dabs in imitation. One of the greatest feats that a painter ever did was to paint a curtain so perfectly as to deceive another painter, so that he went forward to draw it aside to exhibit a picture behind it. There are millions of curtains in the works of nature, which spring forth from the works of God by that light which is in them, which is imparted to them by the great Eloheim.

We see men who are considered very talented, whose names are handed down to posterity as great sculptors or painters. Their works are among the ancient ruins, and are exhibited as specimens of artistic skill, that men may see how intelligent their forefathers were. And what is it which they had wisdom to make? Something like a man, or a beast. But break off an arm or a leg, and you discover that it is but a lifeless piece of matter, though the outlines may be true to nature; and in this alone consist the beauty and skill of the artist. But there is no life in them, and they fall far short of perfection, beauty and symmetry, as it is seen in the human system, or that of any other animal. Look upon a man, he is a perfect being, he is perfect inside and outside. If you remove the skin, the perfect covering of the human form, the nerves, muscles, arteries, veins, and everything necessary for this peculiar system, are there found



## REPORT OF MISSION CONFERENCES FOR WEEK ENDING OCT. 21, 1899.

PRESIDENT	CONFERENCE	No. of Elders	Miles Walked	Miles Rode	Families Visited	Families Re-visited	Refused Entertainment	Tracts Distributed	Dodgers Distributed	Books Sold	Books of Mormon Sold	Books Other wise Distrib.	Meetings Held	Gospel Conversations	Children Blessed	Baptisms	TOWN	STATE
Christo Hydahl.....	Chatanooga.....	13	178	55	246	24	13	256	251	13	1	7	17	128	.....	.....	Chatanooga.....	Tennessee.
Joseph F. Pulley.....	Virginia.....	42	1056	33	105	195	44	432	411	40	1	9	60	374	.....	1	506 Peach St., Danville.....	Virginia.
B. F. Price.....	Kentucky.....	29	610	257	69	201	25	367	366	24	18	50	50	359	.....	1	Hopkinsville.....	Kentucky.
F. B. Hammond.....	E. Tennessee.....	41	799	4	85	496	48	860	847	56	32	18	82	515	1	3	Knoxville.....	Tennessee.
W. D. Rencher.....	Georgia.....	31	939	114	197	133	53	545	534	33	3	19	42	511	1	5	Eatonou.....	Georgia.
T. H. Humphrys.....	N. Alabama.....	39	1100	17	314	188	47	1122	989	64	3	26	66	707	.....	.....	Birmingham.....	Alabama.
C. G. Parker.....	Florida.....	40	1062	51	71	160	36	604	564	56	4	18	79	401	1	5	Lulu.....	Florida.
J. Urban Allred.....	Mid. Tenn.....	37	80	5	344	122	37	109	958	49	1	25	59	463	.....	1	Nashville.....	Tennessee.
Lewis Svensen.....	N. Carolina.....	44	1116	10	170	347	20	270	219	29	2	13	99	666	.....	2	Goldboro.....	N. Carolina.
Geo. A. Day.....	S. Carolina.....	40	1158	269	372	338	37	457	413	25	2	5	65	793	1	4	Society Hill.....	S. Carolina.
O. D. Flake.....	Mississippi.....	10	179	148	1	58	.....	7	4	6	38	3	18	130	3	.....	Ackerman.....	Mississippi.
D. A. Broadbent.....	E. Kentucky.....	38	668	.....	278	298	1	352	350	19	5	19	80	556	1	2	Buck Creek.....	Kentucky.
J. Lewis Hobson.....	Louisiana.....	4	144	95	1	20	.....	36	180	173	1	1	3	74	.....	.....	Victoria.....	Louisiana.
J. H. Willis.....	S. Alabama.....	20	633	.....	5	301	.....	38	180	173	1	1	6	25	249	.....	Camden.....	Alabama.
L. A. Thorley.....	N. Kentucky.....	22	614	342	17	116	20	331	307	16	.....	4	51	423	.....	3	Louisville.....	Kentucky.
J. W. Fnnk.....	Ohio.....	14	234	380	420	61	25	714	407	45	2	10	26	258	.....	.....	522 W. 7th St., Cincinnati.	Ohio.

in perfect harmony, and in every way adapted to make complete a living, moving machine. Not only so, but he is an intelligent being, capable of reflecting and acting. We profess to know a great deal, but what of our philosophy? Who is there can tell me by what power I lift my right arm? If that cannot be told, what do we know? How far short, then, are we of that intelligence that governs the universe, and regulates all the works of nature. I look at the bones of the mammoth, and they tell me of something that was. I can gaze upon an elephant, as it now is, a mighty, ponderous moving machine, with strength and energy. Who planned and contrived these mighty beings? I look again at the animalcula, a thousand of which can float in a drop of water, and I see, by means of a powerful glass, the veins, muscles, and everything that it perfect to constitute a living, moving creature, invisible to the naked eye. He who organized the one regulates the other. Man is an intelligent being, but how far does his intelligence fall short of that which regulates the world! He cannot even govern himself, he never was able to do it, and never will be able until he receives that wisdom and intelligence which comes from God. If every man can obtain intelligence of that kind, and from that source, which governs the world, and keeps in order all the planetary systems, and adapts every fish, fowl and insect to its own peculiar position in the world, and supplies all its wants; if he can receive it from God, as his instructor, he is then able to govern himself, possessing intelligence which he now knows nothing about; and intelligence which indeed is worthy of God and man. If I cannot have a portion of that intelligence, and that wisdom, if the great Elohim cannot impart a portion of that spirit to me, and teach me the same lessons that He understands, I want nothing to do with a system of theology at all.

I believe in obtaining from Him intelligence to enable me to comprehend all the works of God, to comprehend all the purposes of God. And if I cannot know something of these, I am altogether in the back-ground, and shall not be able to comprehend my true position in society, and for what I came into the world.

(To be Continued.)

### God's Face.

From the Pall Mall Magazine for October we quote the following by Mr. Marvin Dana, a young American poet of promise:

I looked afar to see God's face,  
And I saw it not, though I found its trace.

I gazed on splendors of the sky and sea,  
On wood and wold and wind-kissed lea;  
I saw the throbbing throat of a thrush,  
And grain that danced in the tempest's

rush,  
And stars and suns in ceaseless chase;  
I saw God's beauty, not His face.

### THE DEAD

Oct. 9th death claimed one of the faithful members of the Mississippi Conference, Sister Mollie Burell. She had been a member for two years, and always bore a faithful testimony, especially to the gifts following the believers, always testifying to having been healed through administration. She leaves a husband and three small children, besides many friends, to mourn her departure.

### Releases and Appointments.

The following brethren have been honorably released to return home:

O. S. Walsh, North Kentucky.  
E. M. Stocks, South Carolina.  
H. Monson, South Alabama.  
H. C. Henneger, North Carolina.  
B. T. Bateman, Kentucky.  
R. M. Owens, Georgia.

#### Appointments.

Joel Horton, East Tennessee.

### Conscience.

Conscience, so-called, is the result of the judgment. Judgment is the result or conclusion of the understanding, and according to the illumination or information of the understanding so the judgment is formed pro or con., and accordingly the conscience speaks, from which I argue that reason without revelation or the influence of the Holy Spirit is not a sufficient guide.—Lorenzo Dow.

In the little town of Nasso, in Sweden, says an exchange, the firemen happen to be women, however paradoxical that sounds. The place is only a little village, and four enormous tubs constitute the "water works." One hundred and fifty women make up the fire department, and one of their duties consists in always keeping the tubs filled with water. The women are fine workers, it is said, and know how to handle a fire with as little confusion as possible.

### Evolution.

A girl named plain "Mary" at her birth dropped the "r" when she grew up and became Miss May. As she began to shine in a social way she changed the "y" to "e" and signed her letters Mae. About a year ago she was married, and now she has dropped the "e," and it's just plain "Ma." That's evolution.—Rogersville (Tenn.) Review.

Tobacco is named from Tobago, the town where the philosopher's weed was first brought to the notice of the Spaniards.

### Tommy's Triumph.

"Mamma, what would you do if that big vase in the parlor should get broken?" said Tommy.  
"I should spank whoever did it," said Mrs. Banks, gazing severely at her little son.

"Well, then, you'd better begin to get up your muscle," said Tommy gleefully, "coz papa's broken it."—Harper's Bazaar.

Good Man—Do you know the future of little boys that take everything away from their weaker companions?

Bad Boy—Yep. Dey grows up big an' strong an' dey gits a joh as constable or justice of de peace.—Chicago News.

Any smoker who really wishes to quit the habit can do so by knocking the live ashes of his pipe into a keg of blasting powder.—Elliott's Magazine.

Wife—I'm overjoyed to see you, James, but how dirty your hands are!

Returned Klondiker—They can't be so terribly dirty, M'iss. I washed 'em just before I started for home.—The Chicago Tribune.

A Crow Indian astonished the proprietor of a Billings, Mont., store the other day by buying an \$18 baby carriage. There's progress for you.

It is terribly hard for a boy to believe in the veracity of his father when he hears him declare that no one is truly happy and contented unless he has work to do.—Acheson Globe.

The best evidence of merit is the cordial recognition of it whenever and wherever it may be found.—Bevee.

Negro is a corruption of niger, a Latin word, signifying black.

### SCANDAL.

Cursed be the verse, how well see'r it flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my foe.

Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,  
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear!

But he who hurts a harmless neighbor's peace,  
Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress,  
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,  
Who writes a libel, or who copies out;  
That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,  
Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame;

Who can your merit selfishly approve,  
And show the sense of it without the love;  
Who has the vanity to call you friend,  
Yet wants the honor, injured, to defend;  
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,  
And, if he lie not, must at least betray;

Who to the Dean and silver bell can swear,  
And sees at Canons what was never there;  
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,  
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie;  
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,  
But all such babbling blockheads in his

stead.  
—Pope.